

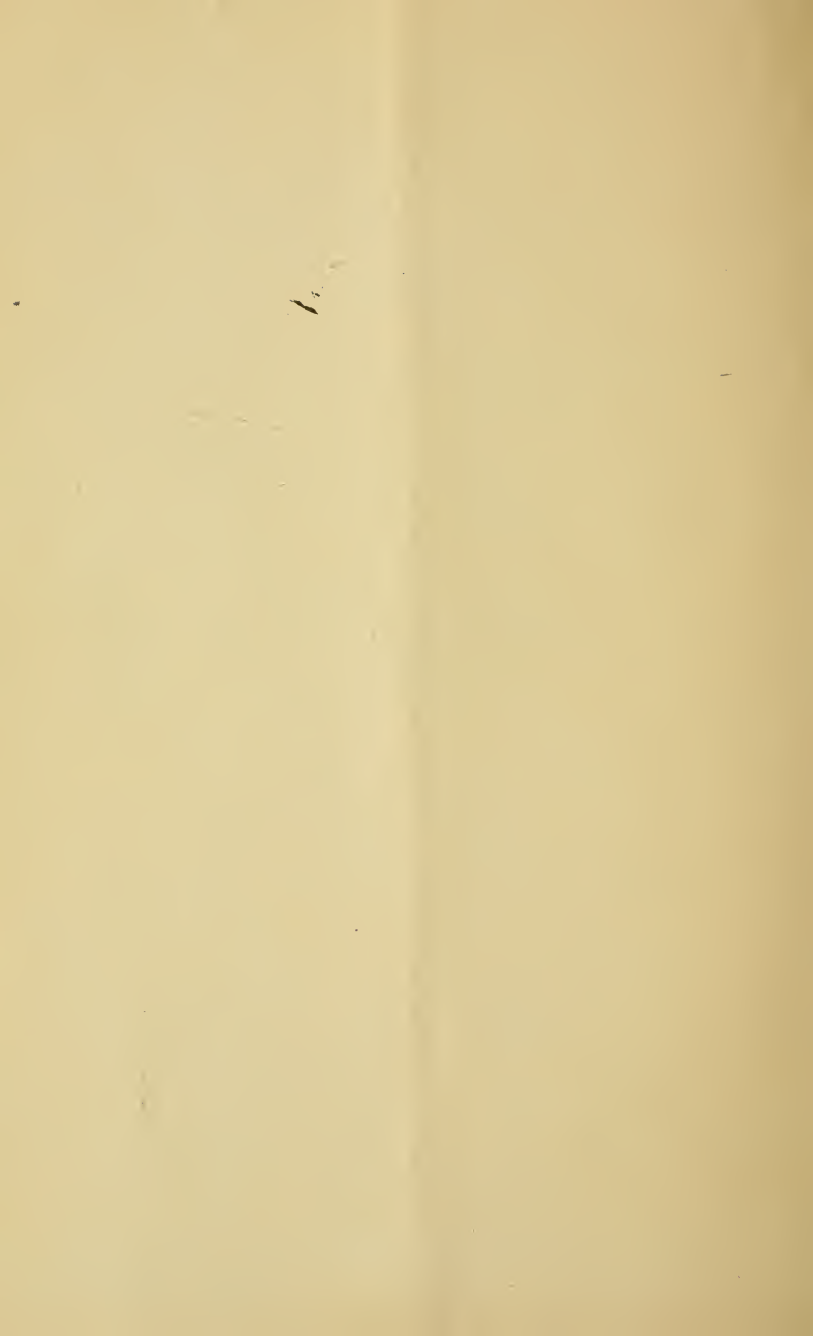
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Gems

FROM

Groude.





London May 6 1877

American Literary Bureau

New York

Grattan

The subjects of the lectures
will be something like this

- 1 The Norman Conquest of Ireland
- 2 Ireland under the
o Stuarts
Stuarts
- 3 The Penal laws and their
Consequences
- 4 Grattan & the Whigs
- 5 The Rebellion of 1798
to Union & ~~modern~~ ^{the} Ireland
of today.

I should like it to be
understood, ~~sent~~ ^{by the} Irish
in New York ~~may~~ ^{generally} ~~be~~ ~~sent~~ ~~to~~

that I am writing you to
flatter them more flatter England
The relations which have existed
and exist still between the two
Countries are a scandal to both
of us. Both have been deeply
to blame - I desire by
expressing ^{the faults on the side} as I understand
them to elicit ^{from} an
impartial judgment from
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~unprejudiced~~ ^{unprejudiced} ~~opinion~~ ^{opinion} of America
as to the whole case.

So far as I take a side it is for
the poor Irish peasant against
his oppression & the nation

faithfully yours

J A Roane

42

GRIMS

FROM

HERBERT.

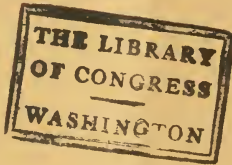


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James Anthony Froude.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian, was born at Totness, Devonshire, England, and is now fifty-four years old. He was the son of R. H. Froude, Archdeacon of Totness, and was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he early developed abilities which forecast his future brilliant career.

He has written "The Lives of the English Saints," "Shadows of the Clouds," "The Nemesis of Faith," "Short Studies on Great Subjects," and other works. He is now engaged upon a History of Ireland.

But the great work on which his reputation mainly rests, and which will carry that reputation down to posterity side by side with that of Hume and Macaulay, is the "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." Few historical works have had such a sale (Scribner & Co. have sold over *one hundred and fifty thousand* in the United States alone), and probably no other one ever caused so much warmth of feeling and angry discussion. This was principally owing to the fact that Mr. Froude's estimate of the characters of those two great historical personages, Henry VIII. and Mary Stuart, was directly contrary to the estimates of all previous historians, and opposed

to the convictions or prejudices of the great mass of the English people. It is from this work that the selections embodied in this pamphlet are taken.

Mr. Froude has been engaged by the American Literary Bureau to lecture in this country during the fall and winter of 1872—73 upon the "Relations between England and Ireland"—a theme which has attracted universal attention, both in Great Britain and the United States.

In view of his presence among us, it is believed these "Gems" will be acceptable to all who love to read beautiful thought in beautiful language. In selecting them the difficulty has been, among so many gems, to decide which to choose. Nor has any attempt been made to *group* them with reference to their places in history; they are simply separate pearls on one thread.

In a recent sketch of Mr. Froude, Mr. Justin McCarthy says:

"I can foresee sharp controversy and broad differences of opinion arising out of his lectures in the United States. I cannot imagine their being received with indifference, or failing to hold the attention of the public. * * * * He has imagination; he has that sympathetic and dramatic instinct which enables a man to enter unto the emotions and motives, the likings and dislikings of the people of a past age. His style is penetrating and thrilling; his language often rises to the dignity of a poetic eloquence. The figures he conjures up are always the semblances of real men and women. They are never wax-work or lay figures, or skeletons clothed in words, or purple rags of description stuffed out with straw into an awkward likeness to the human form. The one distinct impression we carry away from Froude's history is that of the living reality of his figures."



C E M S .

The Coronation-Pageant of Anne Boleyn.

G LORIOUS as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the Constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last!—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win: and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round of that coronet—

"Kept Death his court, and there the antick sate,
Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp;
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which walled about her life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Bored thro' her castle walls; and farewell, Queen!"

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and traditions are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady

heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion,—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the tower of London,—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch-street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch-street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Stylyard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch-street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain" which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky,"—"and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen of the fruitfulness of St. Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh

fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand, by Charing Cross to Westminster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the king's manour house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the hall, where the Lord Mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden scepter, and St. Edward's Crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure

would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune.

But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise,—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

Fall of Wolsey.

BUT the time of reckoning at length was arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial-plate; slowly, as if the event would never come: and wrong was heaped on wrong; and oppression cried, and it seemed as if no ear had heard its voice; till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled, the fingers touched the hour, and as the strokes of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the mighty fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins. Wolsey had dreamed that it might still stand, self-reformed as he hoped to see it; but in his dread lest any hands but those of friends should touch the work, he had "prolonged its sickly days," waiting for the convenient season which was not to be; he had put off the meeting of Parliament, knowing that if Parliament were once assembled, he would be unable to resist the pressure which would be brought to bear upon him; and in the impatient minds of the people he had identified himself with the evils which he alone, for the few last years had hindered from falling. At length he had fallen himself, and his disgrace was celebrated in London with enthusiastic rejoicing as the inauguration of the new era.

Fanatics.

THE surest testimony to wise and moderate measures is the disapproval of fanatics of all kinds.

The Difficulty of Understanding a Previous Age.

IN periods like the present, when knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries, it is no easy matter to throw ourselves back into a time in which, for centuries, the European world grew upon a single type, in which the forms of the father's thoughts were the forms of the son's, and the late descendant was occupied in treading into paths the foot-prints of his distant ancestors. So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose one's place in the race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it, is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist.

It has been, however, with the race of men as it has been with the planet which we inhabit. As we look back over history, we see times of change and progress alternating with other times when life and thought have settled into permanent forms; when mankind, as if by common consent, have ceased to seek for increase of knowledge, and, contented with what they possess, have endeavored to make use of it for purposes of moral cultivation. Such was the condition of the Greeks through many ages before the Persian war; such was that of the Romans till the world revenged itself upon its conquerors by the introduction among them of the habits of the conquered; and such again became the condition of Europe when the Northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western empire on their own hardy natures, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organization which remained unshaken for a thousand years.

Plain Speech.

MEN engaged in a mortal strife usually speak plainly. Blunt words strike home; and the euphuism which, in more ingenious ages, discovers that men mean the same thing when they say opposite things, was as yet unknown or unappreciated.

The Execution of Sir Thomas More.

THE scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston; "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere psalm on his knees; when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured; "that has not committed treason!" With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

* * * * *

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which was sounded out into the four corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene, lighted with its lambent humor.

History will rather dwell upon the incidents of the execution than attempt a sentence upon those who willed that it should be.

It was at once most piteous and most inevitable. The hour of retribution had come at length, when at the hands of the Roman church was to be

required all the righteous blood which it had shed, from the blood of Raymond of Toulouse to the blood of the last victim who had blackened into ashes at Smithfield. The voices crying underneath the altar had been heard upon the throne of the Most High, and woe to the generation of which the dark account had been demanded!

Duty towards God the Single Element of all True Religion.

HAD it been possible for mankind to sustain themselves upon the single principle, "Fear God and keep his commandments; for that is the whole duty of man," without disguising its simplicity, their history would have been painted in far other colors than those which have so long chequered its surface. This, however, has not been given to us; and perhaps it never will be given. As the soul is clothed in flesh, and only thus is able to perform its functions in this earth, where it is sent to live; as the thought must find a word before it can pass from mind to mind; so every great truth seeks some body, some outward form in which to exhibit its powers. It appears in the world, and men lay hold of it, and represent it to themselves, in histories, in forms of words, in sacramental symbols; and these things, which in their proper nature are but illustrations, stiffen into essential fact, and become part of the reality. So arises, in era after era, an outward and mortal expression of the inward immortal life; and at once the old struggle begins to repeat itself between the flesh and the spirit, the form and the reality. For awhile the lower tendencies are held in check; the meaning of the symbolism is remembered and fresh; it is a living language, pregnant and suggestive. By and bye, as the mind passes into other phases, the meaning is forgotten; the language becomes a dead language; and the living robe of life becomes a winding sheet of corruption. The form is represented as everything, the spirit as nothing; obedience is dispensed with; sin and religion arrange a compromise; and outward observances, or technical inward emotions, are converted into jugglers' tricks, by which men are enabled to enjoy their pleasures and escape the penalties of wrong. Then such religion becomes no religion, but a falsehood; and honorable men turn away from it, and fall back in haste upon the naked elemental life.

Sentence and Execution of John Fisher.

IT was a swift sentence, and swiftly to be executed. Five days were allowed him to prepare himself; and the more austere features of the penalty were remitted with some show of pity. He was to die by the axe.

Mercy was not to be hoped for. It does not seem to have been sought. He was past eighty. The earth on the edge of the grave was crumbling under his feet; and death had little to make it fearful. When the last morning dawned, he dressed himself carefully—as he said, for his marriage-day. The distance to Tower Hill was short. He was able to walk; and he tottered out of the prison-gates, holding in his hand a closed volume of the New Testament. The crowd flocked about him, and he was heard to pray that, as this book had been his best comfort and companion, so in that hour it might give him some special strength, and speak to him as from his Lord. Then opening it at a venture, he read: “This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.” It was the answer to his prayer; and he continued to repeat the words as he was led forward. On the scaffold he chanted the *Te Deum*, and then, after a few prayers, knelt down, and meekly laid his head upon a pillow where neither care nor fear nor sickness would ever vex it more. Many a spectacle of sorrow had been witnessed on that tragic spot, but never one more sad than this; never one more painful to think or speak of. When a nation is in the throes of revolution, wild spirits are abroad in the storm; and poor human nature presses blindly forward with the burden which is laid upon it, tossing aside the obstacles in its path with a recklessness which, in calmer hours, it would fear to contemplate.

How Misfortunes are Measured.

WE measure the magnitude of the evils which human beings endure by their position in the scale of society; and misfortunes which private persons would be expected to bear without excessive complaining, furnish matter for the lamentation of ages when they touch the sacred head which has been circled with a diadem.

Difficulties in the Way of Understanding History.

THE SCOTS.

WHOEVER has attended but a little to the phenomena of human nature, has discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition. Every one is a perplexity to himself and a perplexity to his neighbors; and men who are born in the same generation, who are exposed to the same influences, trained by the same teachers, and live from childhood to age in constant and familiar intercourse, are often little more than shadows to each other, intelligible in superficial form and outline, but divided inwardly by impalpable and mysterious barriers.

And if from those whom we daily meet, whose features are before our eyes, and whose minds we can probe with questions, we are nevertheless thus separated, how are the difficulties of the understanding increased when we are looking back from another age, with no better assistance than books, upon men who played their parts upon the earth under other outward circumstances, with other beliefs, other habits, other modes of thought, other principles of judgment! We see beings like ourselves, and yet different from ourselves. Here they are acting upon motives which we comprehend; there, though we try as we will, no feeling will answer in unison. The same actions which at one time are an evidence of inhumanity may arise in another out of mercy and benevolence. Laws which, in the simpler stages of society, are rational and useful, become mischievous when the problem which they were meant to solve has been complicated by new elements. And as the old man forgets his childhood—as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other—as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions—so is the past a perplexity to the present; it lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy, alike in those who read and those who write.

Such an effort of sympathy, the strongest which can be made, I have now to demand on behalf of Scotland, that marvellous country, so fertile in genius and chivalry, so fertile in madness and crime; where the highest heroism co-existed with preternatural ferocity, yet where the vices were the vices of strength, and the one virtue of incomitable courage was found

alike in saint and sinner. Often the course of history will turn aside from the broad river of English life to where the torrents are leaping, passion-swollen, down from the northern hills. It will open out many a scene of crime and terror; and again, from time to time, it will lead us up into the keen air, where the pleasant mountain breezes are blowing, and the blue sky is smiling cheerily. But turn where it may in the story of Scotland, weakness is nowhere; power, energy, and will are everywhere. Sterile as is the landscape when it will first unfold itself, we shall watch the current winding its way with expanding force and features of enlarging magnificence, till at length the rocks and rapids will have passed—the stream will have glided down into the plain to the meeting of the waters, from which, as from a new fountain, the united fortunes of Great Britain flow on to their unknown destiny.

The Character of a Scene depends upon the Point from which it is Viewed.

THERE are many scenes in human life which, as a great prophet teaches us, are either sad or beautiful, cheerless or refreshing, according to the direction from which we approach them. If, on a morning in spring, we behold the ridges of a fresh-turned plowed field from their northern side, our eyes, catching only the shadowed slopes of the successive furrows, see an expanse of white, the unmelted remains of the night's hailstorm, or the hoarfrost of the dawn. We make a circuit, or we cross over and look behind us, and on the very same ground there is nothing to be seen but the rich brown soil swelling in the sunshine, warm with promise, and chequered perhaps with a green blade bursting through the surface. Both images are true to the facts of nature. Both pictures are created by real objects really existing. The pleasant certainty, however, remains with us, that the winter is passing away and the summer is coming; the promise of the future is not with the ice and the sleet, but with the sunshine, with gladness, and hope.

Murder of Darnley.

THE murder of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, is one of those incidents which will remain till the end of time conspicuous on the page of history. In itself the death of a single boy, prince or king though he might be, had little in it to startle the hard world of the sixteenth century. Even before the folly and falsehood by which Mary Stuart's husband had earned the hatred of the Scotch nobility, it had been foreseen that such a frail and giddy summer pleasure-boat would be soon wrecked in those stormy waters. Had Darnley been stabbed in a scuffle or helped to death by a dose of arsenic in his bed, the fair fame of the Queen of Scots would have suffered little, and the tongues that dared to mutter would have been easily silenced. But conspiracies in Scotland were never managed with the skillful villany of the Continent; and when some conspicuous person was to be removed out of the way, the instruments of the deed were either fanatic religionists, who looked upon themselves as the servants of God, or else they had been wrought up to the murder point by some personal passion which was not contented with the death of its victim, and required a fuller satisfaction in the picturesqueness of dramatic revenge. The circumstances under which the obstacle to Mary Stuart's peace was disposed of challenged the attention of the whole civilized world, and no after-efforts availed in court, creed, or nation, to hide the memory of the scenes which were revealed on that sudden lightning-flash.

The Spaniards.

BEFORE the sixteenth century had measured half its course, the shadow of Spain already stretched beyond the Andes; from the mines of Peru and the custom-houses of Antwerp the golden rivers streamed into her imperial treasury; the crowns of Arragon and Castile, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily, clustered on the brow of her sovereigns; and the Spaniards themselves, before their national liberties were broken, were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the known world.

Catholics and Protestants alike Heroic.

HERE, therefore, we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history, a solemn battle fought out to the death, yet fought without ferocity, by the champions of rival principles. Heroic men had fallen, and were still fast falling, for what was called heresy; and now those who had inflicted death on others, were called upon to bear the same witness to their own sincerity. England became the theatre of a war between two armies of martyrs, to be waged, not upon the open field, in open action, but at the stake and on the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance. Each party were ready to give their blood; each party were ready to shed the blood of their antagonists; and the sword was to single out its victim in the rival ranks, not as in peace among those whose crimes made them dangerous to society, but, as on the field of battle, where the most conspicuous courage most challenges the aim of the enemy. It was war, though under the form of peace; and if we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful, but glorious; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory.

Columbus and Copernicus.

A REVOLUTION had passed over England of which the religious change was only a single feature. New avenues of thought were opening on all sides with the growth of knowledge; and as the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus made their way into men's minds, they found themselves, not in any metaphor but in plain and literal prose, in a new heaven and a new earth.

Execution of *Mary Queen of Scots.*

THE end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Her last night was a busy one. As she said herself, there was much to be done and the time was short. A few lines to the King of France were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist, for the last time, that she was innocent of the conspiracy, that she was dying for religion, and for having asserted her right to the crown; and to beg that out of the sum which he owed her, her servants' wages might be paid, and masses provided for her soul. After this she slept for three or four hours, then rose and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter her end.

At eight in the morning the Provost-Marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain grey dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled Paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. "Melville," she said, "you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his Kingdom of Scotland; and so, good Melville, farewell." She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain.

"Let us go," she then said, and passing out attended by the Earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the Earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling and sate down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do."

"You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

* * * * *

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne crier vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waiving her hand to them, "adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."

When the Psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head muttered: "In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam." The hard wood seemed to hurt, for she placed her hands under her neck; the executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practiced headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits—the labored illusion, vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness; the executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"Good Queen Bess."

BUT for a moment the past was forgotten in the present. The bells which six years before had rung in triumph for Mary's accession, now pealed as merrily for her death. The voices which had shouted themselves hoarse in execrations on Northumberland were now as loud in ecstasy that the miserable reign was at an end. Through the November day steeple answered to steeple; the streets were spread with tables, and as the twilight closed, blazed as before with bonfires. The black domain of priests and priestcraft had rolled away like night before the coming of the dawn. Elizabeth, the people's idol, dear to them for her sister's hatred, the morning star of England's hope, was Queen.

European Flowers in the Fifteenth Century.

THOSE who believe that human actions obey the laws of natural causation, might find their philosophy confirmed by the conduct of the great powers of Europe during the early years of the Reformation. With a regularity as uniform as that on which we calculate in the application of mechanical forces, the same combinations were attended with identical effects; and given the relations between France and Spain, between Spain and Germany, between England and either of the three, the political situation of all Western Christendom could be estimated with as much certainty as the figure and dimensions of a triangle from the length of one of its sides and the inclination of two of its angles.

When England was making advances towards the Lutherans, we are sure that France and Spain were in conjunction under the Papacy, and were menacing the Reformation. When such advances had been pushed forward into prominence, and there was a likelihood of a Protestant league, the Emperor was compelled to neutralize the danger by concessions to the German Diet, or by an affectation of a desire for a reconciliation with Henry, to which Henry was always ready to listen. Then Henry would look coldly on the Protestants, and the Protestants on him. Then Charles could afford again to lay the curb on Francis. Then Francis would again storm and threaten, till passion broke into war. War brought its usual consequences of mutual injury, disaster and exhaustion; and then the Pope would interfere, and peace would follow, and the same round would repeat itself. Statesmen and kings made, as they imagined, their fine strokes of policy. A wisdom other than theirs condemned them to tread again and again the same ineffectual circle.

The Irish.

SADDER history in the compass of the world's great chronicle there is none than the history of the Irish: so courageous, yet so like cowards; so interesting, yet so resolute to forfeit all honorable claims to interest. In thinking of them, we can but shake our heads with Lord Chancellor Audeley, when meditating on this rebellion, and repeat after him, "they be a people of strange nature, and of much inconstancy."

Execution and Character of the Duke of Somerset.

THE English public, often wildly wrong on general questions, are good judges, for the most part, of personal character; and so passionately was Somerset loved, that those who were nearest the scaffold started forward to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood. His errors were forgotten in the tragedy of his end; and the historian who in his life found much to censure, who, had he recovered his Protectorate, would, perhaps, have been obliged to repeat the same story of authority unwisely caught at and unwisely used, can find but good words only for the victim of the treachery of Northumberland.

In revolutions, the most excellent things are found ever in connection with the most base. The enthusiast for the improvement of mankind works side by side with the adventurer, to whom change is welcome, that he may better his fortune in the scramble: and thus it is that patriots and religious reformers show in fairest colors when their cause is ungained, when they are a struggling minority chiefly called upon to suffer. Gold and silver will not answer for the purposes of a currency till they are hardened with some interfusion of coarser metal; and truth and justice, when they have forced their way to power, make a compromise with the world, and accept some portion of the world's spirit as the price at which they may exercise their ever-limited dominion. So it is at the best: too often, as the devil loves most to mar the fairest works, the good, when success is gained, are pushed aside as dreamers, or used only as a shield for the bad deeds of their confederates; they are happy if their own nature escape infection from the instruments which they use, and from the elements in which they are compelled to work.

Difficulty in Judging Statesmen Impartially.

IN contemplating the false steps of statesmen, it is difficult at all times to measure their responsibility, to determine how much of their errors has been due to party spirit, how much to pardonable mistake; how much, again, seems to have been faulty, because we see but effects, which we ascribe absolutely to the conduct of particular men, when such effects were the result, in fact, of influences spreading throughout the whole circle of society.

Devout Character of Philip.

WHATEVER Philip of Spain was entering upon, whether it was a marriage or a massacre, a state intrigue or a midnight murder, his opening step was ever to seek a blessing from the holy wafer.

Bloody Mary.

NO English Sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries; and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamations which had welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which will cling to it forever; and yet from the passions which in general tempt sovereigns into crime, she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and, in many respects, a noble life; and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing.

Revolutionary Characters.

PERIODS of revolution bring out and develop extraordinary characters; they produce saints and heroes, and they produce also fanatics, and fools, and villains; but they are unfavorable to the actions of average conscientious men, and to the application of the plain principles of right and wrong to every-day life. Common men at such times see all things changing round them,—institutions falling to ruin, religious truth no longer an awful and undisputed reality, but an opinion shifting from hour to hour; and they are apt to think that, after all, interest is the best object for which to live, and that in the general scramble those are the wisest who best take care of themselves.

The Farmer and the Fox.

A FARMER, whose poultry-yard had suffered severely from the foxes, succeeded at last in catching one in a trap. "Ah, you rascal!" said he, as he saw him struggling, "I'll teach you to steal my fat geese!—you shall hang on the tree yonder, and your brothers shall see what comes of thieving!" The Farmer was twisting a halter to do what he threatened, when the Fox, whose tongue had helped him in hard pinches before, thought there could be no harm in trying whether it might not do him one more good turn.

"You will hang me," he said, "to frighten my brother foxes. On the word of a fox they won't care a rabbit-skin for it; they'll come and look at me; but you may depend upon it, they will dine at your expense before they go home again!"

"Then I shall hang you for yourself, as a rogue and a rascal," said the Farmer.

"I am only what Nature, or whatever you call the thing, chose to make me," the Fox answered. "I did n't make myself."

"You stole my geese," said the man.

"Why did Nature make me like geese, then?" said the Fox. "Live and let live; give me my share, and I won't touch yours: but you keep them all to yourself."

"I don't understand your fine talk," answered the Farmer; "but I know that you are a thief, and that you deserve to be hanged."

His head is too thick to let me catch him so, thought the Fox; I wonder if his heart is any softer! "You are taking away the life of a fellow-creature," he said; "that's a responsibility—it is a curious thing, that life, and who knows what comes after it? You say I am a rogue—I say I am not; but at any rate I ought not to be hanged—for if I am not, I don't deserve it; and if I am, you should give me time to repent!" I have him now, thought the Fox; let him get out of it if he can.

"Why, what would you have me do with you?" said the man.

"My notion is that you should let me go, and give me a lamb, or goose or two, every month, and then I could live without stealing; but perhaps you know better than me, and I am a rogue; my education may have been

neglected; you should shut me up, and take care of me, and teach me. Who knows but in the end I may turn into a dog?"

"Very pretty," said the Farmer; "we have dogs enough, and more, too, than we can take care of, without you. No, no, Master Fox, I have caught you, and you shall swing, whatever is the logic of it. There will be one rogue less in the world, anyhow."

"It is mere hate and unchristian vengeance," said the Fox.

"No, friend," the Farmer answered; "I don't hate you, and I don't want to revenge myself on you; but you and I can't get on together, and I think I am of more importance than you. If nettles and thistles grow in my cabbage-garden, I don't try to persuade them to grow into cabbages. I just dig them up. I don't hate them; but I feel somehow that they must n't hinder me with my cabbages, and that I must put them away; and so, my poor friend, I am sorry for you, but I am afraid you must swing!"

The Lions and the Oxen.

ONCE upon a time a number of cattle came out of the desert to settle in the broad meadows by a river. They were poor and wretched, and they found it a pleasant exchange,—except for a number of lions, who lived in the mountains near, and who claimed a right, in consideration of permitting the cattle to remain, to eat as many as they wanted among them. The cattle submitted, partly because they were too weak to help it, partly because the lions said it was the will of Jupiter; and the cattle believed them. And so they went on for many ages, till at last, from better feeding, the cattle grew larger and stronger, and multiplied into great numbers; and at the same time, from other causes, the lions had much diminished; they were fewer, smaller, and meaner looking than they had been; and except in their own opinion of themselves, and in their appetites, there was nothing of the old lion left in them.

One day a large ox was quietly grazing, when one of these lions came up, and desired the Ox to lie down, for he wanted to eat him. The Ox raised his head, and gravely protested; the Lion growled; the Ox was mild, yet firm. The Lion insisted upon his legal right, and they agreed to refer the matter to Minos.

When they came into court, the Lion accused the Ox of having broken the laws of the beasts. The Lion was king, and the others were bound to obey. Prescriptive usage was clearly on the Lion's side. Minos called on the Ox for his defense.

The Ox said that, without consent of his own being asked, he had been born into the meadow. He did not consider himself much of a beast, but, such as he was, he was very happy, and gave Jupiter thanks. Now, if the Lion could show that the existence of lions was of more importance than that of oxen in the eyes of Jupiter, he had nothing more to say; he was ready to sacrifice himself. But this Lion had already eaten a thousand oxen. Lions' appetites were so insatiable that he was forced to ask whether they were really worth what was done for them,—whether the life of one lion was so noble that the lives of thousands of oxen were not equal to it? He was ready to own that lions had always eaten oxen, but lions when they first came to the meadow were a different sort of creature, and they themselves, too (and the Ox looked complacently at himself), had improved since that time. Judging by appearances, though they might be fallacious, he himself was quite as good a beast as the Lion. If the lions would lead lives more noble than oxen could live, once more he would not complain. As it was, he submitted that the cost was too great.

Then the Lion put on a grand face and tried to roar; but when he opened his mouth he disclosed a jaw so drearily furnished that Minos laughed, and told the Ox that it was his own fault if he let himself be eaten by such a beast as that. If he persisted in declining, he did not think the Lion would force him.

Compensation.

ONE day an Antelope was lying with her fawn at the foot of the flowering Mimosa. The weather was intensely sultry, and a Dove, who had sought shelter from the heat among the leaves, was cooing above her head.

"Happy bird!" said the Antelope. "Happy bird! to whom the air is given for an inheritance, and whose flight is swifter than the wind. At your will you alight upon the ground, at your will you sweep into the sky, and

fly races with the driving clouds ; while I, poor I, am bound prisoner to this miserable earth, and wear out my pitiable life crawling to and fro upon its surface."

Then the Dove answered, "It is sweet to sail along the sky, to fly from land to land, and coo among the valleys ; but, Antelope, when I have sat above amidst the branches and watched your little one close its tiny lips upon your breast, and feed its life on yours, I have felt that I could strip off my wings, lay down my plumage, and remain all my life upon the ground only once to know such blessed enjoyment."

The breeze sighed among the boughs of the Mimosa, and a voice came trembling out of the rustling leaves : "If the Antelope mourns her destiny, what should the Mimosa do ? The Antelope is the swiftest among the animals. It rises in the morning ; the ground flies under its feet—in the evening it is a hundred miles away. The Mimosa is feeding its old age on the same soil which quickened its seed-cell into activity. The seasons roll by me and leave me in the old place. The winds sway among my branches, as if they longed to bear me away with them, but they pass on and leave me behind. The wild birds come and go. The flocks move by me in the evening on their way to the pleasant waters. I can never move. My cradle must be my grave."

Then from below, at the root of the tree, came a voice which neither bird, nor antelope, nor tree had ever heard, as a Rock Crystal from its prison in the limestone followed on the words of the Mimosa.

"Are ye all unhappy ?" it said. "If ye are, then what am I ? Ye all have life. You ! O Mimosa, you ! whose fair flowers year by year come again to you, ever young, and fresh, and beautiful—you who can drink the rain with your leaves, who can wanton with the summer breeze, and open your breast to give a home to the wild birds, look at me and be ashamed. I only am truly wretched !"

"Alas !" said the Mimosa, "we have life, which you have not, it is true. We have also what you have not, its shadow—death. My beautiful children, which year by year I bring out into being, expand in their loveliness only to die. Where they are gone I too shall soon follow, while you will flash in the light of the last sun which rises upon the earth."



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